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64TH CONGRESS, 2d Session | HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES | DOCUMENT No. 2141

SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE

(Late a Representative from Georgia)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND THE SENATE
OF THE UNITED STATES

SIXTY-FOURTH CONGRESS
SECOND SESSION

Proceedings in the House
February 4, 1917

Proceedings in the Senate
February 25, 1917

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HON. SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE

DEATH OF HON. SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

SATURDAY, *December 9, 1916.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Grant us, O most merciful Father, a keener insight into and a broader conception of the things eternal, that we may be inspired to do the work Thou hast given us to do now with patience, endurance, and efficiency, and be prepared to meet the changes in the things temporal with perfect faith and confidence in the overruling of Thy providence for the good of mankind. Our hearts are profoundly touched by the sudden and unexpected death of a Member of this body. Comfort his colleagues and friends, especially the bereaved wife and children, with the precious promises of the immortality of the soul, that they may look forward with bright anticipations to a reunion in the realm where sorrows never enter and where the continuity of life is not broken, but flows on to larger and nobler existence. And all praise shall be Thine, in the spirit of Him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me shall never die." Amen.

Mr. ADAMSON. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my sad duty to announce to the House the death of our colleague, the Hon. SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE, a Representative from the State of Georgia, which occurred yesterday morning in this city at 7 o'clock.

It is not my purpose at this time to indulge in any extended remarks touching the services and life and character of our deceased comrade, but at some future time I shall request the House to set apart a day on which an appropriate tribute can be paid to the memory of the deceased. At present I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE, a Representative from the State of Georgia.

Resolved, That a committee of 17 Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will announce the members of the committee appointed on behalf of the House to attend the funeral.

The Clerk read as follows:

Mr. Edwards, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Wise, Mr. Bell, Mr. Vinson, Mr. Lobeck, Mr. Godwin of North Carolina, Mr. Cullop, Mr. Austin, Mr. Mudd, Mr. Kelley, Mr. Farr, Mr. Adamson, Mr. Howard, Mr. Lee, Mr. Walker, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Park.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Waldorf, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE, late a Representative from the State of Georgia.

Resolved, That a committee of nine Senators be appointed by the Vice President to join a committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

And in compliance with the foregoing resolutions the Presiding Officer had appointed as the committee under the second resolution Mr. Smith of Georgia, Mr. Hardwick, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Johnson of Maine, Mr. Ashurst, Mr. Johnson of South Dakota, Mr. Norris, Mr. Sterling, and Mr. Fernald.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the concluding resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect, the House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

Accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 15 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until Monday, December 11, 1916, at 12 o'clock noon.

FRIDAY, *January 19, 1917.*

Mr. RUCKER, of Georgia. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that Sunday, February 4, 1917, be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE, late a Representative from the State of Georgia.

The SPEAKER. Without objection, the order will be agreed to.

There was no objection.

SUNDAY, *February 4, 1917.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon and was called to order by Mr. Adamson as Speaker pro tempore.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Lord, our God, whose name evokes awe, reverence, gratitude, trust, which men hallow upon their lips in worship, be with us, we beseech Thee, as we assemble on this holy Sabbath day to pay our tribute in sacred memory to a Member of this House who has been called to the higher life, and who was chosen by his constituents year after year to represent their interests, an earnest of the trust reposed in his ability, sincerity, and nobility of purpose. His heart went out not only to the interests of his people but to his State and Nation with patriotic zeal and fervor, a consistent member of the church of his choice, an earnest and faithful worker in the Sunday school, beloved by all. Peace be to his ashes and repose to his soul. Be Thou with his colleagues, friends, his bereaved wife and children, that they may cherish his memory, copy his virtues, and look forward with faith to a happy reunion beyond the confines of this world, where peace, joy, and happiness shall reign forever. Through Him who lived and died that we might know Thee and dwell with Thee evermore. Amen.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Rucker, of Georgia, by unanimous consent,

Ordered, That Sunday, February 4, 1917, be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE, late a Representative from the State of Georgia.

Mr. BELL. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended in order that opportunity may be given for tribute to the memory of Hon. SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE, late a Member of this House from the State of Georgia.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address of Mr. Edwards, of Georgia

Mr. Speaker: These are always sad occasions, and out of them should come lessons to the living as well as tributes to the dead. I earnestly hope the tributes to-day will at least give a measure of comfort and consolation to the bereaved family and to the thousands of friends who loved the late Congressman Samuel J. Tribble, to whose tender memory these eulogies are paid as our last tribute of respect and affection.

It is called death, but there is no death for those who believe in God and live true to that belief. The body passes away, and goes to its last long sleep to awaken no more until the dawn of the morning on that great day when "we shall know each other as we are known," in that beautiful realm beyond this vale of tears. We miss our friend Mr. Tribble from the places where we used to see him—he has gone to that long sleep—but there is no death for such a soul as was a part of the Christian-hearted Samuel J. Tribble. His body is dead, but for the soul of the Christlike there is no death, and his spirit, tender and courageous, has winged its flight to mansions in the sky to claim its sweet reward in that "Temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," where it was bidden with the glad greetings of "Well done, thou good and faithful servant"—enter thou in the joys of My heavenly kingdom.

"Sam," as he was affectionately called by his friends, has left testimony of a noble character among men; and

he has left a record, pure and spotless, worthy of our emulation. The memory of him is so sweet and full of tender thoughts, and there is so much to commend his life to us, in the blameless way in which he lived and moved among us, that this should be an hour of rejoicing rather than one of sorrow and grief. Try as we may, sorrow and grief can hardly be taken from death; there is that something about it that strikes awe to the human heart, and but for the hope of eternity and the salvation of the soul I can not see how anyone could meet the awful ordeal. The promises of salvation and of eternal life, the hope of resurrection, with which God's word is so abounding, take the sting away from death and rob the grave of its victory; and to those who keep His commandments and walk in the path of uprightness, as did our friend TRIBBLE, death and the grave are but gateways to a more delightful realm and death has no terrors.

It was while I was a student at the University of Georgia in 1897 that I first had the pleasure of meeting Mr. TRIBBLE. I only knew him casually, and did not have an intimate friendship with him until after he came to Congress. He had not been long a Member of the House before he impressed himself upon his colleagues, both Democrats and Republicans, as an able and fearless legislator, guided by but one light, and that light was his conscience. He soon won the friendship and esteem of all his fellows, and all respected him for his determination at all times to stand for what he thought was right.

Since I became a Member of Congress, 10 years ago, I have seen many occasions of this kind, and many good men with whom we have served here have been called "from labor to rest" and have answered death's unavoidable summons, and their fellows have felt a keen loss and deep grief; but I have not known of a death of any Congressman that caused deeper grief and over which there

was more genuine regret than was expressed by his colleagues in the House and the Senate when the sad news of Mr. TRIBBLE's death reached them. He made warm friends and his friends loved him, because he loved his friends and was true to them. He was fearless and tireless in the performance of his duties, yet he was one of the most tender-hearted men I have ever known and one of the most obliging.

I can hardly think of the late Congressman Anderson Roddenbery, of Georgia, who served here so ably, without thinking also of the late Congressman TRIBBLE. They were strong friends and worked together like brothers, and they were almost as devoted as brothers. I recall, soon after Mr. Roddenberry died, Mr. TRIBBLE said to me one day: "Roddenberry hastened his death by hard work," and it was true; but it was true also in his own case. He was a slave to duty and took but little thought of his physical weakness. We are all frail and realize often when it is too late that we have taken too little thought of the frailty of the body. His only thought was to serve, and to do something worth while for his people and his country.

Mr. TRIBBLE was a lawyer; and a good one, too; he was solicitor of the city court in his home city of Athens, Ga., and later was elected solicitor general of the western circuit of Georgia. It is known that he filled these positions of honor and responsibility with that splendid ability which later marked him in Congress as a faithful public servant. He was elected to the Sixty-second Congress, and reelected to the Sixty-third, Sixty-fourth, and Sixty-fifth Congresses. In looking over his biographical sketch in the Congressional Directory, I was impressed with the statement made therein:

> Elected to the Sixty-second Congress, and reelected to the Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth Congresses without opposition.

He meant, and we all understand it, that he had no opposition in the general elections. He had opposition in the primary elections, and always won with splendid majorities, attesting his great popularity with his constituents; but he was too considerate and too modest, afraid he would wound some one, if he made reference to his battles in the primary elections, so he merely refers to the general elections and makes no reference whatever to the primary elections, in which he proved himself one of the best campaigners ever known to Georgians. This is so like the man—a brave fighter when fighting had to be done, but modest, considerate, and forgiving as a victor—never boastful, rather meek, until he was stirred to action, and then he was as brave as a lion and fought with the fury of a storm, but was always fair and honorable, regardless of who his antagonist was or what the cause of battle.

Mr. TRIBBLE was a self-made man, and did his task well in the making, for I have never heard anyone say other of him than that "he was a good man." The fact that the people, early in his young manhood, elevated him to important positions and promoted him to higher honors, indicated that he merited and held their confidence and esteem. As a Member of Congress, he was able, diligent, and faithful. He was a true American and as patriotic a man as I have ever known. He was tireless in his services for his country and carried, at all times, the welfare of his country on his heart and his mind, and never missed an opportunity to advance, as he saw it, the best interest of the whole country. He was an apostle of genuine Americanism.

I fear many public men are not appreciative of the suffrage of their fellow men. SAM TRIBBLE was. He loved the people of the eighth district of Georgia and they loved him, too, as was evidenced by the thousands who came from cities, villages, and farms, far and near, to pay a

last tribute of respect to their dead Congressman and friend when the remains were carried home for burial. It was particularly noticeable and sad to me to see in the large crowd gathered to attend the funeral men from every walk of life, a great number of farmers, to whom he was always so faithful, who had come great distances to say a last farewell and to get a last sight of his honest face, who, with tear-dimmed eyes and bowed heads, had the appearance of soldiers who had lost their chieftain after many battles. I knew the love deep down in those noble hearts—I had been through political battles just about like those Mr. TRIBBLE had gone through with, and I knew that human hearts, in order to love a man as his constituents loved him, were necessarily reflecting a deep and true affection which he had for them.

In political campaigns the strongest ties are formed between men, and that Congressman who does not love a constituency which has time and time again stood by and honored him with their votes and support is void of all the real tender human sensibilities and is unworthy of a place in the great National Congress. I did not know how deeply and truly I loved my friends and constituents, who have kept me here for 10 years, until I announced that I would not again be a candidate for the House; and my friends from all over the first Georgia district began to write me and express regret. It brought to my mind and my heart a more tender thought and affection for my constituency than I had ever had, for the trials in which they had proven true friendships came over me in a flood of memories, and I hope the fragrance of those sweet memories will abide with me until the end. When I saw men of all callings at Mr. TRIBBLE's funeral, weeping, in many cases, like little children, I knew why he had been invincible as a campaigner in the eighth, for it brought home to me the memory of friends who have stood so

loyally by me in my battles, and I said in my own heart, here is the secret of his political successes—his hold on the people.

When the train upon which the remains were carried, and on which was the funeral party, neared the boundary line of the eighth Georgia district on its sad mission, friends would board it to express sympathy and regret; and as we reached the eighth district large crowds, with sad faces, would stand about the depots and in their appearance could be read the unmistakable evidence of deep grief and great sorrow. His people, as I have said, were devoted to him and properly so, for he was a true friend, a good man, and a splendid Congressman, and they hated to give him up. The grief of his constituents was so pronounced that along with the great sympathy I felt for his bereaved family and his close personal friends I found myself keenly sympathizing with the whole people of the district who seemed to realize what the loss meant to them. The people who congregated at the depots knew he was on that train, and they seemed to long for a sight of him, for a warm clasp of his hand, and for the sound of his earnest voice, his usual friendly greetings, as on his former returns from Washington to the "red old hills of Georgia," but alas! his manly form was lifeless, his strong hand was cold, his voice which he had so often raised in defense of his people was forever silent; and thousands of friends were broken-hearted and sad as it dawned upon them that he was returning for the last time to be buried in the dear "red old hills of Georgia," which had always been close to his heart and over which he had romped and played as a boy, where he had lived as a man, and where he wished to be buried.

In his death Georgia lost a noble and beloved son of whom the State was justly proud, and the Nation lost a true citizen and one of its ablest statesmen. His wife lost

a devoted and splendid husband and his children a tender and affectionate father. His wife, one of the most charming and able ladies in Georgia, had been a great help to Mr. TRIBBLE in his career, and no tribute to his achievements can be paid this great man without carrying coupled with it also a deserved tribute to her.

From the activities at the National Capitol, where he did his last and best work for his district, his State, and his country, his remains were taken back to Athens, the beautiful and classic city, where he had made his home for many years, and there, in the heart of his district, laid to rest.

If no marble shaft is ever erected to this distinguished Georgian to proclaim for all time his splendid qualities of heart and mind, there is builded to him a monument, larger, taller, and far more sublime than any piece of marble that will perpetuate and keep his memory ever fresh and green, a lasting monument of genuine love and admiration in the hearts and affections of noble and appreciative friends.

Address of Mr. Bell, of Georgia

Mr. Speaker: It is with sorrowful hearts that we are on this occasion reminded of the passing away of one of our colleagues to whom we were all so closely attached, and one who had, during his active service here as a Member of the Sixty-second, Sixty-third, and Sixty-fourth Congresses, made many loyal and admiring friends. He was elected to the Sixty-fifth Congress by the people of his district by an overwhelming majority.

I was personally acquainted with Mr. Tribble for more than 20 years, during which time he always convinced me of his earnestness and enthusiasm in matters of interest to those whom he represented. When I first knew our departed friend he was in the active practice of law, and afterwards was elected and served four years as solicitor general of his judicial circuit, which position he filled with credit and distinction. He received his first nomination to Congress over one of the ablest men our country has known for many years, and for this reason the public watched his career with interest. He was a hard worker, a very enthusiastic, wide-awake Representative, and did much good for the district and the people he represented and for the country generally. He was a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, which is one of the great committees of Congress. He was always at his post of duty, and could be found at his seat at the opening of each session of Congress and was one of the last to remain upon the floor at the hour of adjournment. Truly he performed his duty well, and we and the country may truthfully say that the Congress has lost one of its most valuable Members. One of the most inspiring

characteristics of this man was his willingness to aid his friends and those worthy of recognition. He would go his full length for his colleagues and for any meritorious matter in which any of them were directly interested. He was positive in his declarations and ready at all times to defend any position he might take, and always stood firm in his convictions. He had a resolute will, a determination undaunted by fear, and was never satisfied unless he had accomplished that which in his heart he believed just and proper. Courage was the mainspring of his make-up, and nothing but positive proof of error would turn him from his course.

He was thoroughly convinced that to serve a constituency meant something to him, and no idle moments can be charged to him in the performance of his duty. A confidential statement made to him was absolutely safe and lingered in the deep recesses of his heart. He was proud of his wife and children and had the fullest measure of their love and esteem.

His sudden demise was a great shock to us all and his passing from among us is an irreparable loss to our body. We shall never forget his sojourn with us. We will oft remember the brightness of his face and the pleasant communications with him. He was indeed kind and generous, and the courtesy with which he responded to all his colleagues was commendatory, and his desire for the success of his coworkers was unselfish. He has gone from among us, but we shall not forget him. We shall not forget his labors. We shall not forget the many hours he unrelentingly worked for his people and his country. He is now at rest.

Brother, thou art gone before us; and thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye and sorrow is unknown,
From the burden of the flesh and from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taunt thee now, no doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit fail;
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou has left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find,
May each like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Address of Mr. Austin, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: I wish to add my tribute of respect, friendship, and admiration for our late colleague, the Hon. Samuel J. Tribble, who served the people of the eighth congressional district of the State of Georgia with zeal, industry, and ability for six years as a Member of this House. He was a useful, faithful Member, always at his post of duty, and ever watchful of the interests of his constituents. He enjoyed the confidence and good will not only of every Member of the Democratic side of this House but every Republican who enjoyed his acquaintance or had knowledge of his many worthy qualities. We did not always agree with his position on public questions, which constantly divide the membership of this body, but it can be truthfully said that at all times he had the courage of his convictions. He was open, honest, and conscientious in the discharge of his duties. He was not a trimmer, not a dodger, not a demagogue. He was an honest, fearless, manly man. He fairly earned and deserved the love and admiration of his loyal constituents and the friendship and respect of his colleagues here in Congress.

I met Mr. Tribble soon after his election to the Sixty-second Congress, and our friendship continued up to the time of his untimely death. In the passing of our colleague Georgia lost one of its true and devoted sons and his district a faithful, efficient, untiring public servant.

Address of Mr. Hughes, of Georgia

Mr. Speaker: One of the most delightful conversations I ever had with the distinguished gentleman whose death we mourn to-day was here in this Chamber the day he was stricken. Apparently in the best of health, he was in a reflective mood, and those ties which bind true friends together, those tender feelings which ennoble friendly intercourse, seemed stronger that day between us than ever before, though we had always been the best of friends since our acquaintance began.

We talked of our pleasant and happy relations during our service in this House, and I am glad that I then had the opportunity to tell him how deeply I appreciated his friendship. It was one of those quiet hours when men are drawn close to each other and speak their feelings. Late that afternoon I learned of his sudden illness and hastened to the hospital, where were gathered many of his friends and colleagues, shocked, grieved, awaiting the fateful words they were so soon to hear. The call which we all must answer had come to him suddenly, almost in the twinkling of an eye, and he was soon to answer. Before his sun had reached its zenith and the shadows were falling to the east his day was ended. Always ready to meet the great emergencies of life, he was ready to answer the last call, for he had led a Christian life and heeded the mandate: "Be ye ready; the summons cometh quickly."

In the full glory of a brilliant young manhood, when success was crowning his efforts and the fine promise of goals yet untouched held their lure and hope, as he looked

up the mountain whose paths he was climbing so surely and fast, his untimely death at least carried the blessing that goes to those whose ship goes down "when eager winds are kissing every sail."

Always enjoying the confidence and trust of those with whom he came in contact, he was early chosen a leader of his fellows. A lawyer by profession, he was made the prosecuting attorney for his county and for his judicial circuit before he came to Congress. His work in the discharge of his duties was always characterized by a fine sense of fairness, intelligent effort, and the utmost zeal.

I never knew a public man who labored more industriously for those whose commission he held than did SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE. No wish of constituents was too small to receive his considerate personal attention, no task too great for him to undertake for them. He died in the service of his people, giving the very best that was in him to their cause. An incessant worker, he overtaxed his strength in the performance of his duties. He fell in battle. He was inspired in his fight for his people by the same intrepid feeling that moved Washington at the head of the noble Army of the Revolution from White Plains to Yorktown. Tingling in his blood when the Great Commander called him from the service of his people was the same patriotism which coursed through the veins of Jackson as he fell at Chancellorsville.

His service to his country was great. His life is worthy of emulation. He made an impress on the time in which he lived. But it is as SAM TRIBBLE, my friend, that I shall always think of him and mourn his loss. The Nation has lost a patriot, but I have lost a friend.

In his home he was happy, for his good wife always shared the fortunes of his life with a generous encouragement whether the days were dark or bright. She was ever willing to share his trials along with his successes, and

there was a perfect sympathy between them. With his family the State and Nation share his loss.

Mr. TRIBBLE left to his family and his people a heritage far more priceless than gold—a life well lived and filled with service, and we are reminded that—

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver or gold.

Address of Mr. Platt, of New York

Mr. Speaker: There is not a great deal that I can say that has not already been said in the way of tribute to my late friend, the Hon. Samuel J. Tribble, of Georgia, but what little I can say I want to say. In the matter of friendships among Members of this House there is no North, no South, no East, and no West. I suppose that Democrats perhaps more naturally form their friendships among Democrats than among Republicans, and Republicans more naturally form their friendships among Republicans than among Democrats, but the strongest friendships in this House often cross party lines, and there is, of course, no partisanship in friendships.

My friendship for Mr. Tribble came from the fact that he had been my neighbor in the House Office Building and I have seen a great deal of him in a casual way as we passed each other in the corridors and went up and down on the same elevator and occasionally visited each other and did for each other the usual small favors, as Members of Congress, in the way of exchange of documents and information, and other little helps back and forth from one to the other. So I came to know him soon after my first service began in the Sixty-third Congress and it is a singular fact that when I came down here in December for the opening of this session Mr. Tribble was the first Member of Congress whom I met. I took a car from somewhere up near the Treasury Building and came down to the farther entrance of the House Office Building, and as I started to get out I saw Mr. Tribble in front of me. We got off the car together, walked up the corridors and took the elevator together for our respective offices, and talked

over the coming events of the session. He looked well and told me that he was very well—yet only a day later he was stricken with his fatal illness. I was very much shocked. I felt I had lost a personal friend, and I can hardly say how much it affected me as I at once recalled the fact that he had been the first Member of Congress whom I had seen after my arrival here for the session and the fact that he had been my neighbor over in the House Office Building for so long a time. Of course, I had not enjoyed the pleasure of the long friendship with Mr. TRIBBLE that his colleagues from the State of Georgia have enjoyed, but the friendship I have had with him is a very precious memory to me. This House has lost a most worthy Member and our country an able, valued Representative.

Address of Mr. Howard, of Georgia

Mr. Speaker: One of the strange things about life is that we never fully appreciate our friends and our loved ones until they are called to the other world.

We see this man and that man occupying places of trust and honor, and those who have not attained such places of distinction never stop to consider the struggle, the deprivation, and the toil that made his goal possible.

Of all the men it has been my pleasure to know who now hold and have heretofore held a public office, none deserved the confidence and affection of his constituents more than did our dear, departed friend, Samuel J. Tribble. A more faithful, solicitous, or conscientious man never filled a public office. His paramount thought was of the betterment and happiness of his people. To lighten their burden, to be helpful to those who had the least of this world's blessing, controlled his voice and vote.

He was the most indefatigable worker I have ever known. No task was too burdensome for his undertaking if it was for his people. He literally worked himself to death in serving those people he loved and who so sincerely loved him.

He loved the South. He was proud of his State. Whenever his section or his State was directly or indirectly in the balance, his voice was always heard in forceful and eloquent defense of his people.

He was a true friend—brave, courageous, honest, and humble. He said to me one day: "The longer I serve my people the more humble I am. To have the confidence of nearly 300,000 Georgians should make any man humble."

He was a most affectionate and thoughtful husband and father. I never knew a more miserable man when separated from his family. His last rational thought was of them.

He was held in the highest esteem by the membership of the House. No matter what difference of opinion may have existed about his position on public questions, all men knew he possessed an honest heart and intellect.

Mr. Speaker, as his friend I was a constant watcher at his bedside. I, with thousands of friends, hoped against hope. God in His infinite wisdom had laid the hand of death upon his brow. As I looked into his honest face for the last time, I could not but think of how well it was with his soul. What childlike faith he had in God! How he had striven to serve Him! How clean and noble his life was! How charitable he was! How ready his hand to help the poor! What an example his life had been to his manly and devoted son just stepping into manhood!

As I clasped his palsied hand for the last time I thanked God that I had known him and loved him, and as I stepped into the chill of a winter's night I felt that I should return to his side and whisper one word to cheer him on his flight to God. I would have said:

O just and faithful knight of God:
Ride on, the prize is near.

Address of Mr. Farr, of Pennsylvania

Mr. Speaker: It was a tremendous shock to me to hear of the death of Samuel J. Tribble. My heart went out to his devoted, helpful wife and children in their sad affliction. I realized, too, the Congress had suffered a great loss.

It was my good fortune and pleasure at the beginning of his congressional career to have become acquainted with Mr. Tribble. We both came to this great body in the Sixty-second Congress. We occupied near-by offices and came in almost daily contact. Later we were associates on the Committee on Naval Affairs during the period of deepest interest in the great arm of the sea, when policies of tremendous importance were being inaugurated. Many differences prevailed and feeling and tension at times were sharp and intense. With this association with Samuel J. Tribble I had opportunities to know much about him. Happily, we here learn to know each other as men—not as partisans—and set our value on the qualities of mind and heart each other possesses. That which first impressed me was his close, happy family relations, an index so expressive of that which is best in life and man. Always did his great sincerity impress me, and his high sense of right and nobility of character stamped themselves at every turn.

He was devoted to his official duties, industrious, studious; indeed, so strenuous in his earnestness and activity that he seemed loath to lose a minute in his love of service. The outpouring of people at the funeral services at his home fully attested the great love of his neigh-

bors. It was so sincere, so marked, so general, that in itself proved that a kind, strong, highminded, thoroughly serviceable man had passed to his reward, and their grief and expressions showed how fully they appreciated the great loss they suffered. SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE earned this tribute by his deeds of love and service to mankind. After all, he profits most who serves best.

There is a lesson in the sudden death of our dear departed colleague. The last day comes to all of us. We know not what moment the summons may come. Let duty be our constant watchword and faithful service our guide, ever remembering, no matter what the station in life, that "the charities that soothe, and heal, and bless, lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers."

Address of Mr. Davis, of Texas

Mr. Speaker: I came to add my presence in commemorating this occasion.

The death of the Hon. Samuel J. Tribble gives remarkable accent to that sacred proverb which says, "In the midst of life we are in death." In the heydey of a useful, intellectual, and vigorous life, the shadows of death were thrown athwart his path, and he lay down to rest in eternity and sweet communion with those who serve and obey God.

His life and example ought to be assimilated into the life of the young American everywhere. He stands in just fulfillment of that proposition that Christ gave to the twelve when He had just returned from the Mount of Transfiguration and found in the valley the twelve contending among themselves as to who should be the greatest in Heaven. He turned to them stating that "He who would be greatest of all must be servant of all." Mr. Tribble's life fulfilled that proposition. His life was a life of service to his country, to humanity, and to God. And we ought to profit by his life and example, for we find:

> There will be a place we know not where,
> And time we know not when,
> When God Divine in justice there,
> Will judge the deeds of men.

And to be prepared for that judgment and get a decree of "well done, thou good and faithful servant," ought to be the full hope and fruition of all human existence.

Mr. Tribble in the very midst of life met death. He met death in the service of his country, and that service began

in the vigor of his young manhood in the call of his State and his country, and in the midst of that service he was called to the Great Beyond.

I simply rose to add my presence and these few remarks in honor of a distinguished son of Georgia, and a splendid, typical American citizen.

Address of Mr. Lee, of Georgia

Mr. Speaker: As a boy in north Georgia I looked with admiration upon the foothills that bordered my father's farm. When I first traveled the then seeming great distance of some 20 miles to the famous Lookout Mountain, from whose summit visitors looked over seven States, three battle fields, and numberless mountain peaks, I thought that here in the "heaven-kissed hills" is represented God's best illustration of the eternal, the everlasting. When some years later my mind became absorbed in the history of nations and the growth of governments I felt that in the development of men, made in the image of their Maker, the purpose of the Almighty was shown—the continuing problem of the universe was outlined.

I now believe that the most everlasting thing in the contemplation of the human mind—the most fixed thing in men and in governments—is character. The soul, the spirit, the immortal part of him whom we memorialize today found its keynote, its essence, and its strength in his pure and splendid character.

No truer man ever breathed the breath of life than Samuel Joel Tribble. He died in the very flush of manhood—47 years of age when the summons came. He was a native of Franklin County, one of the so-called country counties of Georgia, on the northern tier, near the South Carolina border, where the mountain air is bracing, where thought is pure, where contamination by evil influences is unknown. As a boy he was an easy favorite in the county schools; as a student in the State University at Athens he soon ranked with the highest; choosing the law as a spe-

cial course he was speedily recognized as one of the leaders in the legal department.

His university and law courses completed, he "hung out his shingle" in this classical educational center of the South and began the practice of law. His adaptability to public service soon became evident, and he was elected solicitor of the city court, serving five years in that office, and was then called to a further four years' service as solicitor general of the western circuit. The constituency of the eighth congressional district of Georgia were not slow to recognize the value of representation in Congress by such a man and elected him to serve in the Sixty-second Congress. So fully did he meet all their expectations that they elected him to the Sixty-third and again to the Sixty-fourth Congresses.

From the very moment of his admission to the membership of this House, Mr. TRIBBLE applied himself with singleness of purpose and unflagging assiduity to the work of legislation. Never losing sight of the interests of the people of his district, he never failed to keep before his mind's eye the larger interest of the country. The most important committee assignment given him when he took his seat here was to the Committee on Naval Affairs, and he continued there until the end. The chairman of that committee and his associates testify to the faithfulness, the industry, the high intelligence, and the intense patriotism with which Mr. TRIBBLE applied himself to the difficult work before that committee at every session, and which was particularly onerous when the momentous events of contemporaneous history enlarged its activities. He was unfailing in his attendance upon all sessions; any amount of labor assigned to him was borne cheerfully. Whatever the subject which he was called upon to investigate was exhausted by the minutest research.

With almost unerring instinct he knew how to separate the wheat from the chaff. With the acumen of the trained lawyer he distinguished between the true and the false; nothing that bore the faintest resemblance to wrong could escape his notice, and with like discernment he saw the good points of a proposition. In the great work accomplished by the Committee on Naval Affairs during the past few sessions of Congress Mr. TRIBBLE bore a share which will entitle him to honorable remembrance throughout the coming years.

The chief of the Confederate forces during the Civil War, Gen. Robert E. Lee, was fond of saying that "duty is the sublimest word in the English language." This thought found an echo in the heart of Mr. TRIBBLE and guided his course at all times and in all circumstances. His devotion to duty, his courage, his strong adherence to his convictions were salient characteristics, distinguishing him both in his public and private life.

With Mr. TRIBBLE, conviction, the sense of duty, never yielded to expediency. Because a thing was popular, this did not commend it to his consideration or influence his action whenever his conviction ran counter. This policy of his was most strikingly illustrated in his course on private pensions. He was a consistent and persistent opponent of private pension legislation. He was firm in his belief that the general pension laws were liberal enough, both in their original frame and in the interpretation given them by the officials charged with their execution, to obviate the necessity of supplementing them with private pensions for persons who happened to be fortunate enough to have friends and advocates in Congress.

No doubt Mr. TRIBBLE at times aroused resentment among his colleagues by his opposition in this regard, but he never allowed this to deter him from the course

which he had marked out for himself and of the correctness of which his conception of duty did not leave him in doubt. I am quite sure that the kindly feelings which he cultivated in his intercourse with his fellow Members must frequently have suffered a severe pang when they came in conflict with the stern dictates of conceived duty, but I am equally sure that his colleagues finally bore him no ill will because of his opposition, for they could not fail to recognize and appreciate the high sense of moral obligation which determined his action.

In a Republic like ours the conscientious man is the greatest asset of the State. The citizenry of a democracy must be animated by high ideals to be fruitful of the best service. Such a citizen was Mr. TRIBBLE. He had set his ideals high before him, and they were his guiding stars through life. Mr. TRIBBLE carried his idealism into every action of his life. It was not enough for him to do the thing which it was obviously his duty to do, but he constantly strove for something better and higher. If he ever has chosen a motto for himself it must have been "Excelsior." His thoughts were always lifted above the common; they were aimed at the best in life; they reached up to those higher realms where truth reigns supreme.

Those who live are those who struggle.

Measured by this, Mr. TRIBBLE may well be said to have lived a splendid life, for he never ceased to struggle for that which is good, that which is noble, that which elevates character. In his nature Mr. TRIBBLE partook of much of the mountains in whose vicinity he was born and had been reared. Firmness, rugged honesty, unyielding determination in the face of adverse influences, perseverance under difficulties, self-reliance were distinguishing traits in his moral make-up. Yet withal his was a kindly spirit. He was lovable to a degree, but not a

spendthrift in his friendships. When he once had made a friend, however, he did "grapple him to his soul with hooks of steel," and was then as self-sacrificing as such a nature could prompt a man to be. No man was ever loved and respected more fully by his neighbors than was he. They knew that they could always rely upon him for friendly aid whenever aid was needed. They knew that if they came to him for advice it would come from the heart and would be given after patient consideration. He was a man whom children loved, and that is the best test of the kindliness of a man's nature.

Mr. TRIBBLE was a model husband and father. In his home life he was governed by the same lofty ideals which animated his public career. To his wife he was the ever loving, considerate companion; to his children the ever faithful counselor and close friend. They received from him the best that his mind and heart could offer them. Praise was ever given in lavish measure and reproach was softened by gentle words.

Disraeli in his speech on the death of the Duke of Wellington, in the House of Commons, said:

> The Duke of Wellington has left to this country a great legacy, greater even than his fame—he has left to us the contemplation of his character.

No one will gainsay the declaration that the contemplation of a fine character is something whereby every man may profit. And thus we may to-day gather new inspiration for the work which we are appointed to do by pondering the character and the life of our departed colleague and friend. Surely, we can profit by the contemplation of his high sense of duty; by the consideration of his earnestness in his application to his work, of his conscientiousness in the discharge of every task that came to his hands. From such a study we may well gather new inspiration.

Address of Mr. Crisp, of Georgia

Mr. Speaker: We have assembled to-day to pay tribute to one of Nature's noblemen, to one who loved God and his fellow man, for such a man was Hon. S. J. Tribble, our late colleague in this august Assembly.

Mr. Tribble, in the very prime of life, vigorous, energetic, full of hope, and desirous of being of service to the people who had honored him, was suddenly called from his sphere of usefulness by the Great Architect of the Universe. Surely "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

On the opening day of this session of Congress, I sat in the House with Mr. Tribble, and we discussed pending legislation, and he was full of ambition and determination to render splendid service to his district, State, and Nation. I never saw him in better spirits or seemingly in better health. On the following morning, my heart was inexpressibly grieved and shocked to learn that my friend had had a stroke of apoplexy, and was at death's door, in a hospital. I hastened to his bedside, but human love and friendship and the best of medical skill availed not, and on the 8th day of December the soul of our friend returned to the God who gave it.

Mr. Tribble held many positions of trust and honor and fully measured up to the requirements of each of them. He was a devoted husband, a loving father, a sincere and loyal friend, and the world is brighter and better for his having lived in it. He was my friend, true and tried. I loved him in life, and shall ever cherish his memory.

With a number of his colleagues, I accompanied his remains to the beautiful, classic city of Athens, Ga., his for-

mer home. On the following day, in the Presbyterian Church, his funeral was held. The church was filled with beautiful floral offerings, evidencing the love and esteem in which he was held, and a great concourse of sorrowing friends assembled to do him honor. The large edifice was inadequate to accommodate his many friends, and thousands could not gain admittance to the church. The funeral services were conducted by Dr. Lynch, of the Baptist, and Dr. Hill, of the Presbyterian Church, each delivering able and impressive orations which I incorporate in this, my simple tribute to my friend.

We believe in the immortality of the soul; therefore, let us hope, in the bright and better world, once again we shall know Mr. TRIBBLE and be with him forevermore.

There is no death, the stars go down
To rise upon a fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown,
They shine forevermore.

And ever near us tho' unseen
The near immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe is life,
There are no dead.

Discourse at the funeral service of Congressman S. J. TRIBBLE by Rev. James William Lynch, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church, Athens, Ga.:

ETERNITY IN THE HEART

God has surprised us. We are shocked, pained, and grieved. For the moment the nightmare of oppressive mystery paralyzes us. We are as those who have frightful dreams in the night and wish for the light of the coming day.

THE TIMELINESS OF GOD

In the dark and fell hour, so seemingly rude and ruthless, I come to lay upon your gashed hearts the comfort and hope of a beautiful scripture, "He hath made everything beautiful in its time; also He hath set eternity in their heart." In the eyes of

God everything is beautiful in its time and place, for He sees it in the light of His all-revealing eternity. Though our hearts are stunned and paralyzed, God has put in them the ballast of a deathless hope.

THE DEATHLESS HOPE

By the deathless hope I mean to designate the hope of immortality. The thirst for a future, personal, and conscious existence is the supreme passion of the soul. The moaning hunger of life is life—continued, personal, family-related, and consciously happy.

AGE AND EXPRESSION OF THE HOPE

This hope is old as the soul and a part of it. The writer of Ecclesiastes—a book Voltaire read and Ingersoll praised—declares that God has set eternity in the heart. This eternal hope the Hebrews embalmed in their holy writings, the Egyptians builded in their pyramids, prehistoric man symbolized on his rude implements of toil and weapons of war, and in all ages sculpture has given to its expression the finest stroke, painting the softest touch, poetry the gladdest note, and devotion the most sacred utterance.

THE RETICENCE OF MOSES

The reticence of Moses on the question may be explained—the matter had been overdone in Egypt. In that land of pyramids, tombs, and mummies, immortality was only another word for superstitious idolatry. The nations' literature was called the "Book of the Dead." The enslaved Israelites needed to be organized and taught, not the masonry of sepulture and art of embalming, but the laws of hygiene and jurisprudence, not how to die and be buried, but how to be healthy and strong and long-lived. The great prophet succeeded—the Jews are the healthiest people and most persistent race in the world.

NO LIE IN NATURE

Though we may not affirm that the universality of the deathless hope proves the reality of an endless life, yet we do conclude that it constitutes a strong presumption in its favor. In the realm of nature there is no unsatisfied want—no emptiness without a corresponding fullness. The eye wants vision, and there is light; the ear wants sound, and there is music; the nose wants smell, and there is fragrance; the mouth wants taste, and there is food;

the nerves want thrill, and there is touch; the mind wants thought, and there is truth, revealed and axiomatic; the heart wants love, and there is friendship; the soul wants life, and there is God. "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." If there be no future existence, this eternity in the heart is the only lie in nature.

THOUGHTS BEFORE THINGS

Our faith in the doctrine will largely depend upon whether we assume the primacy and preeminence of mind or matter. For my part I find it easier to believe in the eternity of mind than to believe in the eternity of matter. Thoughts are greater than things. I believe they are older. All things were first thoughts. The modern loom is Arkwright's thought dressed up in iron; the locomotive is Stephenson's thought harnessed to steel; the ocean liner is Fulton's thought under steam; the stars are God's thoughts on fire; the Lord Christ was the Word made flesh. Our bodies decay and fall, but we pass away thinking.

THE GREAT ASSUMPTION

Much of our practical knowledge is based upon assumptions. We can not prove anything in its genesis. Mathematics rests upon the assumption that one is one and twice one is two. We can not prove it. The great truths are axiomatic. God has put them in the mind as He has put eternity in the heart. They admit of no demonstration. Our use of them is an act of faith. God is the great Assumption.

THE LAW OF CORRESPONDENCE

To everything in the universe there has been given a sphere of existence corresponding to its nature. The planet Jupiter has an orbit of a thousand million miles. Some trees live a thousand years and more. The white elephant of India does service for a century. Now, man is greater than trees and elephants and planets. It is unreasonable to believe that they have larger spheres and longer lives. We are all greater than our dreams. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever."

AN ETERNAL NECESSITY

Moreover, the hope is an eternal necessity. Without it society would not hold together or civilization advance. The great apostle truly says, "If we have only hoped in Christ in this

life, we are of all men most pitiable." Once let materialistic philosophy filter down into the common mind and selfishness would become dominant and regnant. Wheels would reverse and take us back to mere animalism. Epicures do not make missionaries or martyrs or soldiers. The world must have men who endure as seeing Him who is invisible. "We are saved by hope." God has put this telescope in our hearts and we look not upon things seen but unseen, for these are eternal. With John Fiske I believe in the "sweet reasonableness of God." This infinitude of space and these multitudinous worlds mean something. Nothing is wasted in God's hands. With Him there is a thing for every place and a place for everything. "In My Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you."

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNIVERSE

The inequalities of condition and miscarriages of justice in the social world at least hint a final settlement and adjudication of human affairs. Not many lawyers are infidels. They believe in laws and laws are made; they do not make themselves. Old Abraham asked, "Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?" It is the first moral question raised in the Bible and the question can only finally and satisfactorily be answered in the Supreme Court of the Universe. Nothing is settled until it is settled right, but many decisions here will have to be appealed to the Great Assize. I have found the deathless hope weakest in physicists and surgeons, men who work in matter; and I have found it strongest in teachers, jurists, and statesmen, men who work in mind.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST REASONER

The world's greatest intellect, for pure and unaided reason, reached the conviction of a life beyond. I refer to Plato of the Greeks. The words of his classic interpreter, Addison, have almost the immortality of their theme:

> "It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—
> Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
> This longing after immortality?
> Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
> Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
> Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
> 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;

'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought.
The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds."

THE BEST AND FINAL WORD

But after all has been said that can be said from the standpoint of science, philosophy, poetry, and reason, it remains, as revelation declares, that Christ brought life and immortality into light. The universal hope blossomed on His lips. He spoke words of familiarity, candor, and assurance. He called spirits back from the silence, and talked with heavenly visitants. He turned loose resurgent forces that still work upward. Out of His empty tomb came the great White Day, our Sabbath, witnessing every week and forever to His resurrection.

THE KEYS OF DEATH AND HADES

John of Patmos saw Him in glory and heard Him say, "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forevermore, Amen; and have the keys of hades and death." The "keys" are doubtless the symbols of experience and authority. Our Lord has tasted death for every man, and He has power to unlock all doors. He has the key to every experience in our life, every pain in our flesh, every wound in our heart, every perplexity in our mind—every condition, situation, state, and place through which the soul must pass. He will meet us in death with the keys; at the grave with the keys; at the gates of heaven with the keys. The compressed eternity in our hearts will expand into the eternity of ageless time, boundless space, endless life, infinite beauty, and all-perfect knowledge. We shall be with Him and like Him, and we shall know Him and ours and all, even as we are known. The deathless seed in the heart will flower forever in a deathless world.

"God does not send us strange flowers every year;
When the spring winds blow o'er pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces,
The violet is here.

It all comes back—the odor, grace, and hue,
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
It is the thing we knew.
So after the death winter it will be;
God will not put strange sights in heavenly places;
The old love will look out from the old faces;
Veilchen, I shall have thee!"

Remarks at the funeral of Congressman S. J. TRIBBLE by his friend, Dr. E. L. Hill:

"FRIENDSHIP"

The gifted and brilliant Goldsmith put in the mouth of one of his characters, who occupied the sacred office and lived the holy life, the disparaging words,

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm to lull to sleep;
A shade to follow wealth and fame,
And leave the wretch to weep."

If this is a true conception of friendship, then better by far eliminate the thought from the human mind, and eradicate the sentiment from the human heart, and erase the word from the human language; but this is not a true interpretation of friendship. Friendship is the richest gift of one soul to another, and more precious than gold and silver. When Cyrus gave Artabazus, one of his courtiers, a gold cup, he gave Crysanthus, his favorite friend, a kiss. And Artabazus said to Cyrus, his great general, "The gold in my cup is not so precious as the sweetness in the kiss of friendship, which you have given Crysanthus." This was the ancient way of expressing the priceless value of friendship.

The life which has not been blessed with friendship's fragrant love is not worth living; and impoverished indeed is that life which has not been graced with true friends. We Americans can almost feel our hearts move with forgiveness and certainly with pity when we see that military genius, Benedict Arnold, who trifled with his honor and betrayed his country, lying upon his deathbed in a garret in the metropolis of the world; and hear his physician ask him if there is anything he would have, and hear him reply, "Yes, only a friend." The essential worth of

friendship was duly appreciated by the great Master Teacher who had nothing more valuable to give his disciples and nothing they coveted more, and hence he said to them, "Henceforth I call you not servants. I have called you friends."

Hon. S. J. TRIBBLE gave expression in life to no other virtue more strikingly than that of loyalty to his friends. Standing on yonder street corner engaged in conversation with him one day, he pointed to a man who passed by and said, "That man is my friend, and I am waiting for an opportunity to show my appreciation of his friendship." Those of us who knew him well could appreciate fully the sincerity and solidity of his friendship. This large gathering, representing his entire district, bears full and rich witness to the esteem in which he was held by his friends.

I am honored to have been numbered among those who claimed him as a friend. Ten years ago I came to this city, a stranger in a strange land, and the third home into which I was invited was that of Mr. TRIBBLE. I well remember that ideal little cottage home on Prince Avenue, with the charms of a warm hospitality and the delights of magnetic personalities. From that evening my friend constantly expressed his genial interest in me and mine. His every effort was put forth to make me comfortable in that same little cottage the few months that I occupied it as my home. When he was called into a larger sphere of usefulness I thought perhaps his mind would be so engulfed in the larger interests of life he would drift away from local interests and persons, but from time to time he wrote me of his service and plans in Congress, and never failed to give me the warm hand grasp when I met him on our streets here.

But this friendship, like yonder mountain stream which springs from a pure fountain head and moves along its course for a time and then darts from sight underground, until farther down in the valley it appears again larger and richer and grander and more powerful, has been interrupted for a season by its passage through the grave, but soon will appear grander and larger and stronger in that world of endless and congenial associations. Until then I bid my friend good-by.

At this point Mr. Lee assumed the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

Address of Mr. Padgett, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: It is with a sense of personal bereavement that I appear to-day. When Mr. Tribble came to Congress it was the good fortune of our committee that he should be assigned as a member thereof, and during the years of his service I had opportunity of close association with him, an association that, as the years continued and our work grew in volume and importance, became closer and our friendship was cemented into a more hallowed compact. I esteemed him very highly and I am justified in saying that he had the esteem, confidence, and admiration of every member of the committee. We esteemed him for his worth, we admired him for his ability, and we loved him for his friendship.

Mr. Tribble was a man of positive convictions. It was not a question in his convictions, as commonly expressed, of "milk and cider." He believed something. He believed it in a positive way. He believed there were duties to be performed in life, and that belief was positive. He believed that there was work to be accomplished by a Member of Congress, and that was a positive belief with him and he asserted it. He was a man who had the courage of his convictions. He was not afraid to express them and he did express them when he felt that it was his duty so to do.

He was not only positive in his convictions, not only had the courage of them, but he was sincere in his beliefs. His beliefs and his convictions found lodgment in his heart and received the sanction of his judgment and the approval of his intelligence. No one can help but admire one who is positive in his character, who is courageous in his convictions, and who is sincere in his beliefs.

Again, Mr. Speaker, a thing that may be spoken to his credit and is worthy of emulation is that he was not too stubborn to learn. There is a great deal in that. Every Member who comes to Congress comes as a new man. There is a broad field here that before coming he has never explored. There are many subjects here which in their full phase and full view he has not attempted to survey. There are many questions here that he has not had either the time, the opportunity, or the privilege of fathoming. Sometimes we find a man so set in his ways, so prejudiced in his convictions, that he is too stubborn to learn. It is to be said to the credit of anyone, when he comes into a larger field of experience and observation, when he comes into a line of new duties, of untried labors, that he is not too stubborn to learn by experience and by enlarged opportunities and extended privileges. And I do not know of anyone in my association, in committee work, in private friendship, and in observation in the House that better illustrated that than our friend, Mr. TIBBLE. He was frank, open, and sincere, and a man with feeling, with noble purpose, not too stubborn to learn, and developed year after year as he served in this House, and he was enlarging the sphere of his usefulness and improving all his opportunities. It is something that can be spoken to his credit and is worthy of emulation.

Again, Mr. Speaker, he was polite and courteous. I think I might emphasize that especially. Politeness is one of the virtues of life that I sometimes think in the stir and bustle and the confusion of our present life is sometimes overlooked. I sometimes think that this generation does not give that attention and that consideration to the virtue of politeness that characterized our fathers and our forbears. It is a virtue, however, that yields the greatest dividends of any in life. It costs nothing, and yet it is the polish, it is the finish in character that marks the gentle-

man, that makes us close to our friends, that makes us congenial in company and in society. There may be a rough diamond and we esteem it as a diamond; but its beauty, its brilliancy, its value, is brought out and exemplified when it is polished. And politeness, courteous demeanor, courteous and polite character, make the finished-diamond quality of our lives.

Mr. TRIBBLE in his personal conduct and association illustrated these virtues. It is said:

> Our lives are songs; God writes the words,
> And we set them to music at pleasure;
> The song grows sad, or sweet, or glad,
> As we choose to fashion the measure.

The song of life for Mr. TRIBBLE was a glad song. He realized the true philosophy contained in that little verse, that he could fashion the song of his life and make it sad, sweet, or glad, and he chose to make it sweet and glad. Its harmony was pure, its melody was inspiring; and although we have laid him away to rest the sweetness and the melody of that song are not hushed.

Address of Mr. Adamson, of Georgia

Mr. Speaker: We are glad to hear from the great chairman of the great committee on which our late friend, Mr. Tribble, performed such excellent work, Mr. Padgett of Tennessee, the words of praise and esteem and affection to which we have just listened. He is the best witness in this House as to the facts about which he talks, and his commendation is high praise indeed.

All important events and conspicuous men afford opportunity for instruction, and we can not make progress if we fail to observe and embrace the opportunities. Of course, we all hear, though we neglect and do not often bear in mind, the great truth that "in the midst of life we are in death," and the importance of that injunction, "Be ye also ready," and the suddenness with which death comes and cuts off the most promising and useful in life. But there are other lessons that can be learned from the lives of such men as Samuel J. Tribble. His life is an exemplification of the genius and value of our institutions, of the wide-open door which our institutions afford of opportunity for all to rise, to do well, to achieve usefulness, to make themselves illustrious, and to bless mankind.

Although we had a general knowledge of Mr. Tribble as a lawyer in Georgia and as solicitor general of his circuit, there was very little general knowledge in Georgia of the real character of the man. But when suddenly and unexpectedly to us all at a distance from his district he defeated for Congress one we at that time thought the most brilliant man in Georgia or in Congress—at least many of us thought so—a man who had been most illustrious in his State, a man who by his wisdom and achievements

in this House stood as the peer of the highest, and who would have been chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs if he had been reelected, we were led to wonder and inquire who was Mr. TRIBBLE. We were prompted to think there must be something in him, and something known to his constituents not known to the balance of the State; and so with much curiosity we observed his coming and his performance.

We found on nearer acquaintance that he had in him those elements of heart and mind and character that had endeared him to the people who knew him the best; that as solicitor general he had enforced justice with some discriminating degree of judgment and some element of tender mercy; that even as prosecuting officer, who had for four years enforced the law, he was yet popular, and that the people among whom he had lived, the people whom he had served, had elected him to Congress over the great and popular man whom he challenged in the battle for preference. We found that though he was not born to titles or wealth or influence, he had taken his chances among the poor boys in America; that he had used the few opportunities afforded him; that he had utilized every advantage; that he had learned to realize that—

> The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night—

and that with a resolute determination that would take no denial he proceeded step by step to inform his mind, to develop his character, until he had commanded that degree of confidence that elected him as solicitor general, in which office he made good and justified the confidence which afterwards secured his election to Congress.

He realized, even when he came to Congress, that he was not at the top, that he was only an humble beginner

in the field of statesmanship, and he accordingly selected the men of experience and wisdom here and sought counsel of them, and sat at the feet of Gamaliel, and adopted for himself the strictest and most careful doctrines of statesmanship. He realized that—

> Heaven is not gained by a sudden bound;
> But we climb the ladder by which we rise
> From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies
> Round by round.

And he toiled without ceasing day and night, performing the routine duties the arduous nature of which, unfortunately, the people do not always understand and appreciate. Sometimes they think a seat in Congress is a sinecure; that a man has nothing to do but come here and roll in luxury and have an easy time and a frolic all the time.

If they could take SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE as an exemplar and notice him, a poor man, with great demands for expenditure always upon him, his time so occupied by public duties that he could not give attention to private finances, always at work, always working for other people, they would realize that such a man is doing something for his fellow men in return for the great honors they are conferring upon him.

I do not want to forget to state another thing that we discovered upon nearer acquaintance. I may say we also realized the truth of the Scripture, which says that "Whoso findeth a good wife findeth a good thing," and that in his wife he had secured a veritable helpmeet who in all his trials and in all his labors had labored and sympathized with him, and who in all his triumphs had rejoiced with him, and in most cases had been conspicuous in securing them. Their union was blessed with two delightful and splendid children, who blessed them by

being good and intelligent children; and it seemed that all the elements of happiness and usefulness surrounded Mr. TRIBBLE when he saddened us all by unexpectedly taking his departure for the other world.

It is a pleasure to me, Mr. Speaker, in the midst of our sadness, to testify this much to his usefulness to his people and his country and the confidence his fellow Members imposed in him, and the pleasure his acquaintance afforded us all.

Address of Mr. Park, of Georgia

Mr. Speaker: Within the brief period of six years four Georgia Senators—Steve Clay, Joe Terrell, A. O. Bacon, and William S. West—have passed on their way, and three Members of this body—Jim Griggs, Anderson Roddenbery, and Sam Tribble—have answered the roll. The natural conclusion may reasonably be drawn that life in Washington is not conducive to longevity—seven Members of Congress in six years, or an average of over one a year. The last to die was Samuel J. Tribble, of Athens, Ga., whose life and services we meet here to commemorate to-day.

His life and history are marked by strenuous effort. Above all he was a clean-cut, uncompromising, honest, and generous fighter who bore upon his political body many honorable scars, and I may add that in my opinion his strenuous exertion leading to a wonderful victory over a strong opponent in the last campaign was the direct proximate cause of his death. He had grown to be a skillful, watchful, and efficient legislator; he got results; he was ever ready either for service or for sacrifice; and the people of his district evidenced their great appreciation of his services by an overwhelming majority of some 12,000 in the last primary.

He would hardly have had opposition again in 10 years; and having reached this satisfactory state in public life, when he could work for his district and State untrammeled by the dread of near opposition, when his efficiency was at its best, an unaccountable thing happened, as it often happens. The end of what appeared the beginning of a most useful public life came suddenly.

It was hard to die under such circumstances and conditions, yet when I first saw him after he was stricken I realized that he knew that the clock had struck twelve for him, and he apparently had no deep regrets at leaving but for the parting with family and friends. He met and faced the common foe calmly and resignedly. With Dr. Davenport White and a trained nurse at Providence Hospital I was in a condition to know, if anyone could, the state of his mind. I was the last person to whom he spoke. Right here I wish to remark in an aside upon the wonderfully delicate structure of the human body. With every faculty at its best, mentally and physically, and the red blood coursing at full tide, there came a slight rupture of a minute capillary within the skull near the right temple, through which only one red blood corpuscle could pass at a time, and this little seeping leak formed a clot no bigger, perhaps, than a small pinhead, and this caused the pressure which induced paralysis; and either the clot would not absorb or the little leak would not stop, and this little thing stopped the wonderful machinery which in action is life; and then the golden bowl was broken and the silver cord was loosed, and his spirit winged its way to the God who made it; and now we trust he is at perfect rest.

SAM TRIBBLE'S friendship was as pure and true as the "unchanging blue." He was such a friend as one could trust without fear of betrayal with the innermost secrets of his soul; and how rare is such friendship, such unwavering loyalty! Among the most sacred words to me relating to the conduct of man to man is "friend" and "friendship." Friendship amidst one's difficulties, friendship that clings to one when others doubt his motives and misconstrue his conduct—"friendship, the cordial drop that makes the bitter draught of life go down!"

He was great because he loved his country, his home, his district, his State, his section, and there was not a con-

scious moment when he would not, if he deemed it needful, have freely sacrificed his life on his country's altar.

His conscience was his guide through this life to another. He followed its dictates, true as the needle to the pole, and there rises before my mental vision the lines of Burns to his young friend to heed his conscience:

> Its slightest touches instant pause,
> Debar all side pretenses,
> And resolutely keep her laws
> Uncaring consequences.

He left a brilliant and devoted wife, one who was more helpmeet than most wives can be to their husbands. She was his daily consulting companion at all times and everywhere; he left a noble and manly son who will surely follow in his footsteps along the pathways of duty; he left a beautiful and affectionate daughter who loved him devotedly; and he left many true and tried friends who mourn his death.

We all loved him, we love his memory, and trust that in the future we will meet and live together again. If for no reason given in the Inspired Writings, "by the same token that the death-devoted Greek knew that he would meet again his own Clemanthe, we know that we will meet again.

"As Ion begins his preparation for sacrifice at the command of Athens, Clemanthe his beloved fiancé exclaims, 'And shall we never see each other?' and, after a pause, Ion answers, 'Yes! I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal; of the flowing streams that lucid flow forever; of the stars, amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath trod in glory; all were dumb; but now, while I thus gaze upon thy living face, I feel the love that kindles through its beauty can never wholly perish; we shall meet again.'"

Some philosopher has wisely or unwisely said that death is man's best friend. And what is death to him who meets it with an upright heart?

> A quiet haven where his shattered bark
> Harbors secure 'til the rough storm is past,
> Perhaps a passage overhung with clouds,
> But at its entrance a few leagues beyond,
> Opening to kinder skies and milder suns,
> And seas pacific as the soul that seeks them.

A deserving and beautiful compliment was paid to him by the two able and Christian ministers who conducted his funeral exercises at the old Presbyterian Church at Athens, the seat of learning, the alma mater of so many distinguished Georgians. His pallbearers were among the wealthiest and most respected men of that center of learning; but higher than sermons and distinguished pallbearers was the simple and, to me, touching testimonial of the multitude of plain people who came from the edges of his district with increasing numbers as they came to view in solemn silence the last rites of the man they had loved and learned to love more and more as they knew him better and better.

SAM TRIBBLE was an independent character. "He walked a highway of his own and kept the company of his self-respect." He seldom sought advice, he worked out his own problems. He flared with righteous indignation at any slight assault made by Members on his State or his people, and he struck back like the reflex action of a nerve-pricked muscle. He was responsible for his acts because they were peculiarly his own. "Like Tennessee's pardner, he played a lone hand."

The close of such a life as his is in keeping with its general tenor—calm, peaceful, resigned, hopeful—leaving to his family and friends the inestimable heritage of a well-spent life in service of God and fellow man.

Address of Mr. Wise, of Georgia

Mr. Speaker: The House of Representatives has set apart this hour to pay tribute to the work, life, and character of our departed colleague, the late lamented Samuel J. Tribble.

I had known him for quite a number of years casually, but from the beginning of my term here we were thrown together almost daily until Congress adjourned, discussing our work, the different items of legislation, and the best and proper way to proceed. Being a new Member, I always felt free to discuss anything with him and obtain suggestions from him. In our constant association and work together I learned to know him, I believe, as he really was—a kind, courteous, lovable Christian gentleman.

He was dependable, always at his post, seeking the truth and right in everything, doing his duty to his people and to his country. His whole ambition here was that he might serve his people; to the trust reposed in him by them he was always faithful and true. He had a fine and delicate sense of justice and the power to discriminate accurately, being able to separate the good from the evil, the true from the false; and, when convinced in his own mind of the right course to pursue, he possessed the moral courage to stand by his convictions. His mind and heart were always open to the cry of the distressed, the poor, the needy, the oppressed, wherever found; and, be it said to his everlasting credit and honor, he was always ready to help them.

I could not pay him higher tribute; nay, if he now knows—and who will say he does not—he would not have

me say more, nor consider anything a higher honor or greater tribute than to say he was the servant, the friend of the poor, the needy, the friendless, the weak, the oppressed.

He was just finishing his third term here and had been reelected for another term, showing the faith and confidence his constituents had in him. He devoted his whole time and energy to their interests. His loyalty and majesty of character are shown in his life work. He was of a modest demeanor, and had no desire to appear other than he really was. He avoided show and ostentatious display.

SAM TRIBBLE was a man, great, not in the large accumulation of wealth, not in his own estimation, though holding high positions of honor and trust, but great in humility of life and of that moral character which enables one to withstand and overcome all obstacles, and do right under all circumstances, as he saw it.

His early training and life were such as to bring him in contact with that class of his fellow citizens which made him familiar with the wants, needs, hopes, ambitions, and desires of the great mass of toilers of his district and of the Nation, and his sympathy always went out to them, and he labored tirelessly for their welfare. A striking illustration of their appreciation and esteem was shown at his funeral, when men from all walks of life, and especially such as I have referred to, from all over his district in large numbers attended and showed their grief for him who had always kept them in mind and was faithful to their every interest and trust.

We need more such men in public life, in high positions, in legislative halls especially. He was a very useful Member here.

He is not dead; he has only passed through the gates into that unknown land, into a newer and larger life,

waiting and watching for those he loved, free from all pain and sorrow. But our friend and colleague is with us no more. He has preceded us, but we are reminded that we too must travel the same road; whether at some early date or in the distant future, may we have so lived that it may be said of us, as it can truly be said of him, that he was a noble, true, and honest man; that the world is better on account of his life; that he contributed some to the sum total of human goodness and made many happier.

Earth seems more sweet to live upon, more full of love, because of him.

The sorrowful crowd which gathered long before the hour of the funeral, the procession which accompanied his remains to its last resting place, the large floral offerings laid by friends upon his bier, and the look of sadness and grief upon the faces of all who gathered to pay last tribute of love and respect to his memory showed the real esteem in which our colleague was held by his colleagues, his fellow townsmen, and the people of his State.

Now, as we meet in this Hall where he labored, and realizing that he is to meet with us no more, our hearts are filled with grief and we feel deeply the loss we have sustained. When we remember how he was so suddenly stricken, his sufferings, how we watched by his side hoping against hope, and then how he slipped away, we are overwhelmed in our sorrow. We have reached that place where earthly help is of no avail in our suffering; yet we can look beyond the clouds that overshadow us and through faith see the star of hope, and remember the assuring promise of Him who said:

I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:

And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

His death was a distinct loss, not only to his district and State, but to the Nation. People, out of gratitude

for service rendered throughout the past, in all ages, have built imposing monuments in memory of the lives, characters, deeds, and virtues of their dead; they remind us and generations following of their many lovable traits and accomplishments, inspiring us to nobler deeds and better lives; but greater than monuments of marble, than fame, and wealth is the rich heritage left to his family and friends, a life that amid all of its temptations, its worries, and disappointments "had kept the whiteness of his soul," had lived the true life, worthy and well spent in the service of his people.

Mr. SPEAKER: From the time when God said, "Let there be light," and there was light, the evidence He gave us of His power and purpose was discoverable in three things and they are that He implanted in the human heart the sentiment of love, inspired respect for life and reverence for death.

Centuries before the cross was erected on Calvary, where was consummated the sublimest of all sacrifices, the ancients worshiped their mythical gods under the belief that they were children of the earth and that by their wisdom and power they had transmuted themselves into gods and were instrumental and capable, from their homes afar off, of controlling the destinies of earth; that all changes of season, climate, thunderstorms and tempests, all ills of mankind, his sorrows, his misfortunes, blessings, and comforts, came either from the wrath, whim, or pleasure of these beings.

It is related by the historians that it was no uncommon custom among the ancients to offer up human sacrifice to the gods and to the spirits of departed friends.

The progress and enlightenment of mankind have changed even the appearance of the bloody sacrifice, and we have gathered here to-day to perform a sad but most appropriate duty, under a beautiful custom of this great lawmaking body, for the purpose of speaking in kindness and sorrow of a departed Member; to refresh our memories with copious drafts from the fountain of love and charity made by our departed colleague while living among us; to revive sweet thoughts and pleasant recollections; to place upon the altar of friendship a sprig of evergreen—a little forget-me-not.

When we met early in December for the last session of the Sixty-fourth Congress, knowing the frailty and uncertainty of life, we knew that ere this Congress expired by limitation on March 4 of the coming year there would be some of us whose voice had become silent, who had sunk into that dreamless sleep which kisses down the eyelids still; whose form would be absent from this Chamber; whose seat would be vacant; some who, at the beckoning of the pale messenger that never tires and never pities, would lay aside forever the burden and cares of this life and be piloted to the "misty dim regions of Weir," where hope is the creator and faith the defender; and within one week of the day we convened the soul of Hon. SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE had appeared before its Maker.

On the 4th of December Mr. TRIBBLE was in his seat, well and happy, and joined his fellow Members in extending congratulations to those who had won reelection in November and genuine sympathy to the unfortunate ones whose terms must terminate March next. There was then no indication that the angel of death hovered so closely about our beloved colleague, who had just been reelected to the Sixty-fifth Congress and during his sojourn in Washington as a Member of the House had become so popular with all of those with whom he came in contact.

Death is always sad, but it is peculiarly so when it strikes at a shining mark and cuts down and terminates a life but half spent at the moment the zenith of success and happiness has been attained, as it did in this instance. It is such cases which cause us to realize how mysterious life itself is, and how uncertain.

Death has since then again visited our body and summoned to his eternal home another able, valued, and popular member. Hon. David E. Finley, of South Carolina. Georgia, with sorrow's pain still fresh in her breast and

tears not yet dry from her own loss, extends loving sympathy to her sister Commonwealth across the Savannah in the sudden and sad bereavement which has come upon her.

Perhaps in all Georgia no man's life furnishes greater inspiration and incentive to hope for the young man of that State than does that of Mr. TRIBBLE. Born in a small hamlet, SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE, by hard work in the open air during his early boyhood days, laid the foundation for a strong constitution, which was strengthened in after life by freedom from any evil habits. He possessed three predominating and cardinal virtues—fidelity, sobriety, and industry—to which were added a fund of great common sense and a wonderful knowledge of human nature. Without influence and starting without means in early life, by hard work he overcame one obstacle after another and made for himself a pathway through life marked at every milestone by singular success, in each instance due almost entirely to his wonderful industry, strong integrity, absolute sobriety, and constant faithfulness and fidelity to trusts confided to him.

He laid hold of his opportunities, and nobly and grandly he rounded out a magnificent character. It is, after all, the character that we work out of our opportunities, whatever our ability, that marks the measure and the fullness and the grandeur of the man. He was true to his fellow men, true to his duties, true to his associates, true and loyal to his friends, a devoted husband and father. We are better for our association with him, and the world is better that he lived and labored.

To those who knew him best it seemed as if he had placed and constantly kept before him that great motto:

> To thine own self be true,
> And it must follow as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

And by closely and constantly adhering to this simple but hard rule of life he steadily moved on from a country boy without influence to honorable membership in the greatest body of lawmakers for the greatest Nation in the world, and there made for himself a reputation for character, industry, ability, and courage that commanded and gave to him at all times the esteem and respect of his fellow Members, who are gathered to-day to pay tribute to him and his life's work, unfortunately terminated before he was 48 years of age and just in fullest prime.

Surely no man could hope to do more. He is sincerely mourned and sadly missed by the wide circle of friends and acquaintances he had made.

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.

Address of Mr. Heflin, of Alabama

Mr. Speaker: Again the death angel has invaded the ranks of our membership and he has taken away one of the bravest and best Members of this body.

Sam Tribble was my friend and I was deeply grieved when I heard that he was dead. Here he labored earnestly and faithfully.

He was an able and industrious Member of Congress, cheerful and enthusiastic in all his labors.

Just a little while ago, Mr. Speaker, we saw him engaging in the debates in this House and we heard him answering the roll calls. But we can hear him speak no more—and he has answered his last roll call here. In the midst of a busy and a useful life death touched him and he fell asleep. In the providence of God I believe that his name has been added to the list of the faithful over yonder, and that his splendid spirit is at rest forevermore. God bless and comfort his loved ones.

Address of Mr. Rucker, of Georgia

Mr. Speaker: When Mr. Tribble left Athens on Friday preceding the meeting of Congress in December he seemed full of health, happiness, and brilliancy, and there was nothing to indicate that we would have the services of to-day commemorative of his services in this House, and yet God in His providence has so ordered and he is profoundly mourned by the people of the eighth congressional district, into whose confidence and affection he had dug himself deeply. They loved him in life, they deplore him in death, and in him they knew they had a friend in whom there was no shadow of turning.

He went directly to the people and made himself known to them, learned their wants, was interested in what they desired, and served them faithfully. The eighth district of Georgia has had many illustrious Representatives. It has had upon this floor as its Representatives Howell Cobb, Benjamin H. Hill, Parks Bell, Emory Speer, William M. Howard, and many an illustrious person. It never had a Representative more true to the people, more watchful of their interests, more solicitous of their good than our lamented friend.

I first knew Mr. Tribble when he came as a student to the University of Georgia at Athens from the county of Franklin—a good old rock-ribbed Democratic county. He was graduated from the university with distinguished honors, succeeding here as everywhere else and commencing the practice of law at Athens with the Hon. Edward T. Brown, a great lawyer and a man enjoying an excellent practice.

Mr. TRIBBLE made good from the beginning because he brought into the practice of his profession high intelligence, sterling integrity, untiring energy, and a faithfulness that characterized his every act.

After a few years he became a candidate for the office of solicitor general in the western circuit and was elected. He gave equal rights to all and special privileges to none, the high and the low, the rich and the poor alike. There was no bitterness in his prosecutions but fairness and justice, and he left no wounds, because everyone recognized that fair play was the order of the day. He won the office by a tremendous vote over a strong field, for even this early the people had come to know him and to love him. After he retired from the office of solicitor general he continued the practice of law for a year or two and then announced his candidacy for Congress, in opposition to the Hon. William M. Howard, a long-time Member of this House who was known for his intelligence and high character and deemed invincible.

This race was in 1910 and one of the hottest that we ever had in the eighth congressional district—a district in which there has been many a hard fight and as much fine campaigning as in any district in this great country. He faced every shape of power and influence and conquered all. He made good in Congress from the beginning. He never got a letter he did not answer promptly. He attended to every request made of him and got favorable action, and the people soon came to know that they had one at Washington who could be relied upon in all contingencies.

In the two succeeding elections he had no opposition, but in 1916 he was opposed by Hon. Thomas J. Brown, of Elbert County, a gentleman of high standing and character, and he triumphed by a large majority, and at the time he was taken away it seemed that he had silenced oppo-

sition, that he had gotten out over the rough waters and out in the open sea where every prospect pleased.

In all his public career he had the support and help of his wife, possessed of every grace of mind and heart, of his lovely daughter, and his noble son.

In his first campaign I believe he visited every home and every citizen in the eighth congressional district and he knew every voter personally. His style of campaigning was novel.

His services here have been beautifully portrayed by his fellow Members. They knew him, loved him, and are aware of the excellence of his service, of his interest in his constituents, and his unswerving integrity.

I never knew a man who had more of the elements that commend one to the love of those he comes in contact with than SAM TRIBBLE. It was not hard for him to make friends with the people. He loved them and they loved him. I observe, Mr. Speaker, that whenever you love anybody you will find them loving you, and when they love you you may know you love them.

He had a kind heart and a generous disposition and he sought to find good in every person, and he found it.

Speaking of kindness, I desire here to reproduce some words spoken by Senator Benj. H. Hill years ago in the United States Senate:

> Mr. President, we are told that when God created the heavens and the earth on the third day He said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth; and it was so." From that day to this it has been so. Yet all these seeds must be sown in their season and in a climate adapted to their nature, else they will perish. But, sir, there is seed which will bear fruit in all seasons and in every clime under the heavens. Plant it in the cold where the snows never melt, or in the heat where the frosts never come; scatter it on the naked rocks or in the most fertile soil; drop it in the water or on the land and everywhere, every

seed will germinate and grow and reward the sower. It is tilled by a hand that never tires; it is watched by an eye that never sleeps; it is trained by a power that tempers all the elements to its healthiest maturity. That seed, sir, is kindness, and I have garnered its fruits when and where they were least expected.

I was standing at Heardmont, in Elbert County, Ga., near the banks of the Savannah River, when the train bearing home the body came upon the long bridge that spans the mighty river into Elbert County, Ga., and as the train crossed that mighty stream there was a low, mournful shriek of the whistle, and I felt that the engineer driving the train was thinking of the dear dead he was carrying home, and he evidenced it by that mournful blast, and it came home to me, SAM TRIBBLE is coming home, coming into Elbert County, which was the storm center of his first race—coming home to be laid away in the beautiful cemetery at Athens, which overlooks the Oconee River, his last resting place. There never was a more beautiful cemetery. There never was interred in its soil a nobler Georgian. Home—a place dear in life, precious in death—more genuine pleasure therein to be found than can be found in all the splendors and glories of the earth. Those at home are the father, mother, the wife, the children, the grandchildren, dear relatives. They never go back on us but love us to the end. They will never turn their backs on us.

And, Mr. Speaker, I remember with so much pleasure this fact, that Mr. TRIBBLE not only professed the Christian religion but he practiced it, which is a far better thing.

I see him now, when on Sabbath evenings when at home, he would go into East Athens, a part of the city lived in by God-fearing men and women, and he visited the Sunday schools and singing schools. Nothing interested him more than this work, and he brought sunshine and happiness

whenever he entered the door. What a sweet reflection this is.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth shall never die."

Life's fitful fever ended, he sleeps well, and may he renew his wasted strength and refresh his fatigued faculties in the balmy breezes of heaven's happy home. May a kind Providence rest his mighty soul in eternal peace.

Mr. WALKER. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members may be allowed 10 or 15 days to revise and extend remarks.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Georgia [Mr. Walker] requests unanimous consent that general leave to print for all Members be given for 15 days. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none and it is so ordered.

Under the resolution already adopted the House stands adjourned until Monday, February 5, 1917, at 12 o'clock noon.

Accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 58 minutes) the House adjourned to meet to-morrow, Monday, February 5, 1917, at 12 o'clock noon.

MONDAY, *February 26, 1917.*

The Committee informally rose; and Mr. Houston having taken the chair as Speaker pro tempore, a message from the Senate, by Mr. Crockett, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate expresses its profound sorrow on account of the death of the Hon. SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE, late a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of Georgia.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tributes may be paid to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives and to the family of the deceased.

Also:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of Mr. Finley, Mr. TRIBBLE, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Moss the Senate do now adjourn.

FRIDAY, *December 8, 1916.*

Mr. HARDWICK. Mr. President, I send to the desk the following privileged resolutions and ask for their adoption.

The resolutions were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE, late a Representative from the State of Georgia.

Resolved, That a committee of nine Senators be appointed by the Vice President to join a committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The Presiding Officer appointed as the committee under the second resolution Mr. Smith of Georgia, Mr. Hardwick, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Johnson of Maine, Mr. Ashurst, Mr. Johnson of South Dakota, Mr. Norris, Mr. Sterling, and Mr. Fernald.

Mr. HARDWICK. Mr. President, I move as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 2 o'clock p. m.) the Senate adjourned, the adjournment being until Monday, December 11, 1916, at 12 o'clock m.

WEDNESDAY, *February 21, 1917.*

Mr. KERN. The Senator from West Virginia [Mr. Chilton] gave notice that on Saturday, the 24th instant, he would ask the Senate to take action touching the life,

character, and public services of the late Representative William G. Brown and the late Representative H. H. Moss, of West Virginia. Later the Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Tillman] gave notice that he would ask the Senate on the same day to take action regarding the death of the late Representative Finley.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. If the Senator will pardon the Chair, it is desired that he shall ask that the service also include memorial addresses upon the late Representative TRIBBLE, of Georgia.

Mr. KERN. I will also include memorial addresses on the late Representative TRIBBLE, of Georgia. The Senators I named asked me to request unanimous consent that the Senate meet on Sunday, the 25th instant, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon to consider resolutions on the death of these deceased Representatives.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Is there objection?

Mr. JONES. What was the request?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The request was that the Senate hold memorial services for certain deceased Members of the House of Representatives on Sunday, the 25th, at 2 o'clock p. m. Without objection, it is so ordered.

SUNDAY, *February 25, 1917.*

(Legislative day of Tuesday, Feb. 20, 1917.)

The Senate reassembled at 2 o'clock p. m., on the expiration of the recess.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions as follows:

FEBRUARY 4, 1917.

In the House of Representatives of the United States.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon.

SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE, late a Member of this House from the State of Georgia.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. HARDWICK. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Georgia will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions (S. Res. 374), as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate expresses its profound sorrow on account of the death of the Hon. SAMUEL J. TRIBBLE, late a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of Georgia.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tributes may be paid to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives and to the family of the deceased.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address of Mr. Hardwick, of Georgia

Mr. President: On the first day of the present session of Congress Hon. Samuel J. Tribble, Representative from the eighth district of Georgia, was stricken with apoplexy, and after lingering for a few days in one of the hospitals of this city, died there on December 8, 1916.

This sudden and tragic event came absolutely without warning or notice, like a bolt from the blue sky, for Mr. Tribble was apparently in the very best of health and spirits, full of life, ambition, and energy—and on the very morning that he was stricken I had a long and friendly conference with him respecting the work of the present session and his own part therein. That he should have been stricken down in the very prime of his manhood and usefulness is not only inexplicable but inexpressibly sad, and it was a great shock as well as a great sorrow to me and to his other associates here and to many thousands of his friends in Georgia.

The eighth district of Georgia, which he represented in the Sixty-second, Sixty-third, and Sixty-fourth Congresses, and of which he was the Representative elect in the Sixty-fifth Congress at the time of his death, is remarkable for the many splendid men it has sent to Washington. In the ante bellum period Howell Cobb represented it. Strong, able, brilliant, forceful, he became Speaker of the House of Representatives before he was 40, and a great party leader in those stormy days. Robert Toombs served it before he came to this body to illustrate Georgia. Since the war, its representation has been worthy of its old traditions and it has sent many able and useful men to Washington. One of the most remarkable of these was William Marcellus Howard, who after 14 years of brilliant service

in the House, was defeated in 1910 by Mr. TRIBBLE, and the fact that Mr. TRIBBLE defeated him is splendid evidence of the remarkable hold that Mr. TRIBBLE had upon the affections and confidence of the people of the eighth district.

Coming to Congress as the successor of a brilliant and noted man, Mr. TRIBBLE's path was not an easy one, and it is therefore with genuine and sincere pleasure that I bear testimony to the fact that he measured up from the beginning to the high responsibilities that were upon him.

A man of good mind, an earnest, honest, sincere, courageous Representative, he brought to the performance of his duties in that post indefatigable industry, high-minded courage, and unselfish patriotism. His principal legislative labors were upon the House Committee on Naval Affairs, of which committee he was one of the most prominent members, and his useful and efficient service on that committee is attested by all of its members.

In company with a number of his colleagues from both Houses of Congress, I attended his funeral services at his old home, Athens, Ga., the beautiful university town of our great State. I have never seen more universal, more touching, and more sincere demonstrations of real grief than came from his people when we brought him back to them, and I can never forget the great, silent, tear-stained concourse of people who witnessed the consigning of his remains to their long rest in beautiful Oconee Cemetery.

Mr. President, a good man has gone. A just, honest, earnest, God-fearing, and God-loving public servant is no more. Our country will miss him, our State will mourn him, and his friends will never forget his memory. Peace to his ashes. A good man sleeps his last, his well-earned sleep. May God console his friends and comfort his family.

Address of Mr. Smith, of Georgia

Mr. President: In the loss of the Hon. Samuel J. Tribble we are again impressively reminded of the uncertain tenure of life. He returned to us about the 1st of December for the resumption of his congressional duties with every appearance of health, with every reason to anticipate a long and continuous service. He had just passed through a contest with one of the strongest men in his district and his people had given him an overwhelming indorsement, an indorsement so nearly unanimous that it is safe to say for many years at least no one would have offered against him. To have done so would have been to invite almost certain defeat. With such a brilliant future before him, suddenly, almost without notice, he was taken.

Mr. Tribble was born a little more than 47 years ago in Franklin County, Ga. That is a county inhabited almost entirely by whites, having no large cities within its boundaries. It is a large county, populated by a wonderfully sturdy and prosperous class of farmers. The farms are not what would be called large farms, but they are large enough for the splendid men who own them and who deem it a privilege in part to till them with their own hands as well as to direct cultivation with their brain, to earn from agriculture the comforts of life. They are a people distinguished for their courage, their industry, their thrift, and their independence.

It was from a parentage typical of the very best of Franklin County that Samuel J. Tribble inherited and prized those splendid qualities which came to distinguish him in after life. He spent his boyhood in part helping

upon the farm, but taking advantage of all the school opportunities of his county. He might well have remained in the county and followed the line of work of his ancestors, but he had an aspiration to practice law, and, after completing his course in the schools of the county, he went to the University of Georgia at Athens. There he stood among the very best at the college, taking a high rank for his character, for his industry, and for his intellectual strength. He also graduated from the law school of the university and then opened a law office in Athens.

Athens has been the home of as great lawyers as ever lived in the United States. From their number I may mention Joseph Henry Lumpkin, William Hope Hull, Thomas R. R. Cobb, and Benjamin Harvey Hill. It was a place of great culture and refinement. This ambitious boy from the country walked into a law office in Athens and at once took a position along with the very best, inspiring the confidence of men and growing day by day. He was soon made prosecuting attorney of the city court of Athens and a little later on he became a candidate for solicitor general of the western circuit, where the judge and the solicitor conduct the business in half a dozen or more counties. He ran against a man of influence and prestige, but was elected by a handsome majority. Subsequently he entered the race for Congress. My colleague [Mr. Hardwick] has called attention to the character of the opponent he encountered, and to his long and distinguished record.

He has called our attention to the illustrious men who have represented that district. He might have added another since the war, in every particular the equal of those who represented the district before the war. I refer to the great Georgian, Benjamin Harvey Hill, the ablest debater I ever heard.

Mr. TRIBBLE was elected to Congress in this first race by a good majority of the popular vote. Of his splendid service in the House of Representatives his colleagues have borne ample testimony. It is with all of us a source of deep regret that he has not been spared longer to serve that district.

His hold upon his people was deserved. It was due not alone to his ability and to his patient care about matters pertaining to the interest of his district; it was due also to the fact that he really thought with and felt with the people of his district; that he really loved the people of his district; that his heart really went out to those sturdy men all over his district, who were represented by the men I have described in Franklin County. There never was a moment from the time he reached maturity that he did not love and long to be of real use to it, not simply by showy speech but practically in any detail of service that was within his reach. He longed not only to serve them and to watch those problems that would conserve their interest upon the floor of the House, but he longed to serve them all the time and in every way; and I will mention one thing that he did during the vacation that commended itself to me and that I cordially appreciated.

He had a few months of leisure when Congress was not in session, and after canvassing his district and discussing political questions in the ordinary way he conceived the idea of giving an entertainment to his people; and in the smaller towns, not often visited by lecturers, where the people had not been given some of the opportunities that are found in larger cities, he gave an illustrated lecture on the public buildings of Washington, on the progress of the Navy, on progress in development and science that was a perfect treat to his people. He devoted a number of weeks of careful labor to going over his district,

entertaining and instructing them and broadening the vision of his people.

Mr. TRIBBLE took his responsibilities seriously. He regarded office as a serious responsibility, one that meant more than mere pleasure to the occupant; one that meant more than mere reputation; one that gave a chance to serve his people; and the great thought of his life was how he could serve them and how he really could reach out in detail to the individual citizens and be of actual service to them.

Mr. President, his life is an inspiration to the young man who is willing to climb by industry and devotion to duty, and it is a lesson to us. We may well realize that mere patriotic effusions of fervid eloquence are not of equal service to our constituents with the careful thought that seeks to open wider the doors of opportunity to the less fortunate; that seeks to give a chance for better preparedness to the children of those of scant incomes, that parents may look forward to children whose opportunities have made it possible for them to be ready for the joys and struggles of life, to meet them more successfully than their parents have done.

Mr. HARDWICK. Mr. President, I ask for the adoption of the resolutions which I have offered.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Mr. CHILTON. Mr. President, I move, as a further mark of respect to the memory of Mr. Finley, Mr. TRIBBLE, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Moss, that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to, and (at 4 o'clock and 5 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 26, 1917, at 11 o'clock a. m.

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